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LIFE OF

ARCHIBALD GARDNER

UTAH PIONEER OF 1847

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Book



ROBERT GARDNER
Born March 12, 1781, Huston, Scotland.
Came to Utah Oct. 1, 1847, Edward Hunter
Company.



ARCHIBALD GARDNER
Son of Robert Gardner and Margaret Cal-
lender. Born Sept. 2, 1814, Kilsyth, Scot-
land. Bishop West Jordan Ward. Patri-
arch.



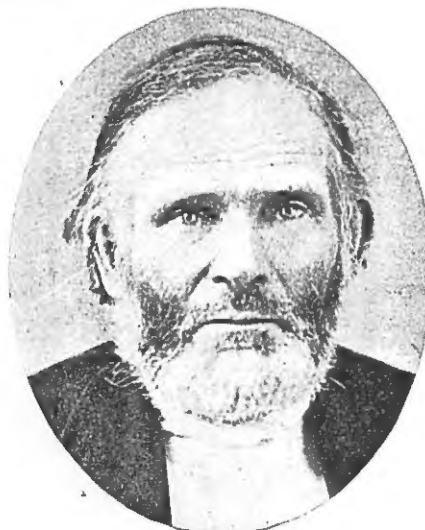
JAMES HAMILTON GARDNER
Son of Archibald Gardner and Sarah Jane
Hamilton. Born July 27, 1859, Mill Creek,
Utah. Bishop Lehi Ward. County Com-
missioner.



ANDREW BRUCE GARDNER
Son of Archibald Gardner and Mary Lar-
son. Born Feb. 5, 1874, West Jordan,
Utah. Seventy. Constable.



CLARENCE GARDNER
Son of Archibald Gardner and Mary Lar-
son. Born Nov. 6, 1875, West Jordan,
Utah. Bishop's Counselor. Vice-President
Afton Commercial Club.



ISAAC N. GOODALE
Born Feb. 6, 1815, Berkshire, Tioga Co.,
N. Y. Came to Utah Sept. 1847. Elder.
Missionary to Canada. Died at Ogden.



NEWTON DANIEL HALL
Born March 12, 1819, Byron, N. Y. Came
to Utah Sept. 28, 1847. Capt. Vincent
Shurtliff Company. Seventy. Ward
Teacher. Lived at Washington, Utah.



CALVIN HALL
Son of Newton Daniel Hall and Sarah
Jane Busenbark. Born Aug. 6, 1865, Provi-
dence, Utah. Bishop. Supt. Sunday
School. Missionary. City Recorder.

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...ident and having since lived an exemplary life."

Mr. Cannon said he and some other students in his dormitory at BYU were given some marijuana by Steve Studdert, former aide to President Reagan, who was a student undercover narcotics agent at BYU at the time.

After the incident, Mr. Cannon said he turned himself in to campus security and was put on probation. He later served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, returned to BYU to graduate and later completed law school.

He now is the chairman of Geneva Steel and has resurrected that plant from a 13-month closure, saving 3,000 jobs in Utah County.

Mr. Cannon said he decided to go public with the story because he learned it had become the subject of a whispering campaign among Republican insiders.

"If you want to examine anyone's background close enough you can find something that you can pick apart," said Congressman Bill Orton, D-Utah. "No one is perfect. If the public insists on perfection out of their political candidates, they aren't going to have anyone."

3 Remain in Hospitals After Canopy Collapse

By Mike Gorrell
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

Jennifer Rosvall was sore all over Monday, but no longer fearful her back was fractured after pinned beneath a canopy that collapsed during a Utah Symphony concert Sunday at Snowbird.

She was not so sure after the 4:45 p.m. accident. While receiving treatment from a Snowbird medic and her mother, Pat, a registered nurse, the 18-year-old Murray woman thought: "This is all I need. Two weeks before I get married . . . I couldn't move anything. Any time I tried to move any joint it was terribly painful."

Ms. Rosvall was pinned between a chair and a metal pole that supported the canopy until it collapsed under the weight of several inches of hail that fell during a Symphony concert with The Lettermen. Forty-three of the 1,400 people attending the concert were injured, authorities said.

Three remained hospitalized

Former Libertarian Party Chairman Doug Jones said it is nobody's business whether Joe Cannon smoked marijuana as a teenager.

"That is a personal thing and should not be a part of any political campaign," he said.

The Libertarians have long held a platform position that marijuana should be legalized.

"What is more relevant is Mr. Cannon's position on taxes and whether he's willing to vote for a federal tax cut. That's what people ought to be nailing him on," said Mr. Jones.

"If that is all there is to it, then I don't see it as a campaign issue, at least not in the general election," said State Democratic Chairman Peter Billings.

"I can see the possibility of some Republicans trying to make an issue of it in their primary election," Mr. Billings said.

Gov. Norm Bangerter said people should be judged on their accomplishments and their contributions.

"This should not be an issue and should not disqualify him as a senatorial candidate," Mr. Bangerter said. "It is irrelevant to what he is doing today."

Monday, a day in which Snowbird officials began analyzing what happened and Utah Symphony officials offered "rain passes" or refunds to ticket holders.

Diana Biglar and Barbara Little, no ages or addresses available, were in fair condition Monday at Alta View Hospital with multiple fractures. At St. Mark's, Woodrow Marshall, 73, Salt Lake, was in good condition with a back injury. Another patient, Elverna Hancox, 78, of Ohio, was released Monday, hospital spokesmen said.

Snowbird spokesman Rusty Martin clarified Monday that the canopy fell before most people could escape. Initial reports that he thought all were out and that injuries resulted from a panic after the collapse were a miscommunication, he said.

"The biggest thing on my mind was we knew no one was trapped underneath . . . It was an orderly egress, considering the circumstances."

Emery High School's Rebecca she zeroes in a demonstration

Students Get At Modern W

By Dave Jonsson
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

CAMP WILLIAMS — This year's Utah National Guard "Freedom Academy" has a good thing going for it: the patriotism-boosting Operation Desert Storm just six months ago.

The 30th annual school for student leaders is helping to give Utah teens a close-up look at, and a better understanding of, the military forces and the equipment which fight modern wars. And Desert Storm is on the delegates' minds.

At this camp, which straddles the Salt Lake-Utah county line, 159 students began a week learning what freedom is, how it is protected and what it is like when it is lost, the Guard said.

Monday the students, to be seniors this school year, were turned loose driving 10-wheel dump trucks, "HumVee" utility vehicles and shooting simulation artillery rounds at practice enemy targets. Later they rode in a noisy ammu-

Abandoned Bal Until Court Ho

A 9-month-old girl abandoned last Friday at a crisis nursery was in temporary shelter care Monday.

Salt Lake City Police reports indicated the youngster was placed in a shelter until a juvenile-court hearing can be conducted.

Pat Rothermich, a protective services specialist with the Utah Division of Family Services, said Monday that confidentiality requirements prevented her from releasing the child's name or talking about the case.

But any abandoned child must have a shelter hearing within 48 hours, she said.

THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

Written by
DELILA GARDNER HUGHES

"Aunt Lyle"

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"Now, you children, turn your hearts to your fathers. Learn their ways. Follow in their steps. Do as they did. Live as they lived. Have faith as they had faith. Follow in fine courage and true loyalty your leader as they followed their leader. Lest, as the prophet of old foretold, the Lord shall come and smite the earth with a curse." J. Reuben Clark.

The paramount purpose of this biography is to stir the inner consciousness of every descendant of our worthy ancestors to a thrilling appreciation of the sources from which we came, the noble clay of which we are moulded. If we, their posterity, do not measure up to the full stature of our possibilities, it is our fault, not that of the substance of which we are formed.



ARCHIBALD GARDNER

PREFACE

During the holiday season of 1901 at the home of her father, Nell Gardner, the author was requested by her grandfather to write his biography. This promise she gladly gave, little realizing at the time what that promise involved.

The two-weeks' holiday was devoted to taking down incidents of his early life. He died the following February. Then the magnitude of her promise began to unfold.

Some time later Aunt Della, from data she had access to, compiled a year-by-year journal of his life and that of the family. He had written a diary up to 1851 and short sketches at various times thereafter. The Church Historian's office yielded valuable information. Relatives from Star Valley contributed the colorful account of his life there.

His diary included short sketches of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. A strong band of kinship knit the Gardner family, and so this volume makes numerous mention of those near and dear to him.

Much of the success of his stupendous life-achievement in this desert wild was due to the willing cooperation of the splendid women who were his wives, and his upright, industrious children. Their doings were so closely interwoven that the author has not tried to untangle them. Short sketches of his splendid wives are also included.

The great motivating force in his life was his vibrant and sustaining faith in the Church of Jesus Christ and his unflinching desire to help his fellowman.

May his descendants carry on!

Grateful acknowledgment is made to all who have contributed to what we believe is an authentic biography of this great Utah Pioneer of 1847, and his wives.



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THE LAND OF OUR SIRES

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!"
 Scott: "Lay of the Last Minstrel"

What of the land that produced our early progenitors? They were a race of strong men, large of stature, of athletic build and great physical endurance. A love of liberty burned within them as did their sense of justice, yet they were kind and gentle to friends and loved ones.

Scotland is one of the smallest of European countries, about one-third the area of Utah, but it has produced a galaxy of heroes whose names are synonyms of daring and chivalry.

Heroic deeds invariably call forth men to guard their memory by song and story. So the land of Wallace and Bruce has also been the home of Burns and the immortal novelist of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott.

The country was not called Scotland until the Scots, a Celtic people, came over from Ireland and gave their name to it. The Picts already occupied the northeastern section. There are two points in which the history of this country and of the people is unlike that of most of the other countries of Europe. Firstly, it was never subdued and taken into the great Roman Empire (England was under Roman rule four hundred years,) and, secondly, we find the Celtic people, instead of disappearing before the Teutons, held their ground against them so well that in the end the Teutons were called by the name of the Celtic

people, were ruled by Celtic kings, and fought for the independence of the Celtic kingdom as fiercely as if they had themselves been the Celtic race.

The topography of the country varies. The northern part is nearly cut off from the rest of Britain by the Firths of Forth and Clyde (only thirty miles separates them) as almost to form a separate island. This peninsula is again divided into Highlands and Lowlands. Roughly speaking, we may say that all the west is Highland and the east, Lowland. A range of mountains sweeping in a semi-circle from the Firth of Clyde to the mouth of the Dee may be taken as a line of separation, though the Lowlands extend still further north along the eastern coast. The nature of the country has had a decided influence on the people. The Lowlands are fertile and well watered; hence, on people living there are peaceable and thriving towns. The Highlands, on the contrary, are made up of lakes, moors, and barren lands, whose rocky summits are well-nigh inaccessible, and whose heathclad sides are of little use even as pasture. In the glens between the mountains, where alone any arable land is to be found, the crops are poor, the harvests late and uncertain, and vegetation of any kind, very scanty. The Highlanders long ago became discouraged by the barrenness of their native mountains, where even untiring industry could only secure a scant living. They were tempted by the sight of prosperity so near them and found it a lighter task to lift the crops and cattle of their neighbors than to raise their own. In earlier times they were given to pillaging the more fortunate Lowlanders who justly dreaded them as a scourge. The lay of the land, the internal strife, the invasions from without so impoverished the country from the early dawn of its history to the union with England that Scotland was perennially on the verge of starvation. During the eighteenth century productive industry and intellectual culture did much to improve the Lowland population. But the Highlands remained for some time in a very bad state. The spirit of the people was broken, and the severe climate, barren soil, and lack of minerals left them no resources but the fisheries. The Highland Society, founded in 1784, greatly aided agriculture by reclaiming the waste districts. Later great numbers of the people emigrated. This migration was so great in the early part of the nineteenth century that there was danger that the country would be left desolate and relapse into barrenness. Our people,

Robert Gardner and family, turned their faces to the west, were borne on the tide, and established themselves in the New World.

In early times all the education that was in reach of the people had been offered to them by the Church. Schools were founded and maintained in several towns by the great monasteries. Scotland has had the advantage of a national system of elementary education for over two centuries. A school was established in every parish by a law of 1696. This scheme did effective service for the education of the people till the great increase of population, especially in towns, rendered it unequal to the task laid on it. By the passing of the Education Act of 1872 board schools have superseded the old parish schools. Higher education has been and is available at the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. The latter was founded in 1411 A. D., Glasgow, in 1450 A. D., King's College and University at Aberdeen, 1494, then Edinburgh University in 1582. Among the Lowland population book learning has always been in advance of material comfort. So our ancestor Robert Gardner, a Lowlander, born in 1781, had opportunities for learning, and took advantage of them, for he was regarded as a "good scholar."

And what of the spirit and courage that our early emigrant ancestors brought with them?

When a Scotchman's blue eyes kindle at mention of his native land, you know there is a love and reverence for the memories of the heroes who have lived and died for his country's welfare and freedom.

It is not a strange sight for a traveler in Scotland to see a native son lead his children to the landmarks of their country's history, and under the same sky that arched above Robert Bruce, and in the shadow of the Wallace monument, recount those deeds which are their proudest heritage. Robert Gardner, Sr., handed down these tales to his "bairns". They in turn repeated them to their children and their children's children. Great grandfather was imprisoned for nine weeks in Stirling Castle, that old historic fortress that had housed so many famous personages. Perhaps he spent those nine weeks in the very dungeon where Roderick Dhu, of "The Lady of the Lake" fame, was left to die. Perhaps he mounted the castle wall, where it broods over a perpendicular precipice of many hundred feet, and scanned the level plain below, every foot of which is richly studded with historic

events. From this height on a clear day he could see his home town of Kilsythe a few miles away. Perhaps he peered through the small peephole in the wall through which Mary Queen of Scots is said to have been in the habit of gazing. The history of Scotland might be read from this eminence as on a book of mighty page. Here within the compass of a few miles we see the field where Wallace won the battle of Stirling, the plain where were fought the battles of Falkirk and Sheriffmuir, and historic Bannockburn where the immortal Robert Bruce won the victory that gave Scotland her independence.

The very air he breathed was charged with valor, daring, and patriotism. Nine weeks of imprisonment, however, were sufficient to fill great-grandfather's soul with resentment against the injustice meted out to him and to give him the determination to leave this the land of his birth and seek his fortune in a far country.

THE LIFE'S STORY OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER IN SCOTLAND

"I was born in Kilsythe, which is twelve miles east of Glasgow on the main road to Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 2, 1814.

"My father's name was Robert Gardner. He was born March 12, 1781, at or near Huston, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the same locality as were his forefathers. My father was the son of William Gardner and Christine Henderson. Grandfather Gardner was a very strong man and six feet two in his stocking feet. He was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church and very strict-living. My mother was Margaret Calinder. She was born at or near Falkirk, Shirlingshire, Scotland, in January, 1777.

"My maternal grandfather, Archibald Calinder, was a strong, healthy man with never an ache or pain. When he was about fifty years old he went out one morning before breakfast to work a bit in his garden. It was a nice garden with a table and chairs hewn out of rock and surrounded by beech trees. The leaves of the beech remain dried on the trees all winter and are pushed off by swelling buds in the spring. A wind stirred among them and as they rattled, grandfather leaned on his hoe. Grandmother came to call him to his morning meal and seeing him in this unusual position asked what was the matter. 'I do not know,' he said. 'The breeze that rustled the leaves, struck my head and sent a shiver through me.' She started with him to the house, about twenty rods, and before they reached there, he was delirious. He died the next day.

"In his twentieth year, my father married mother in Glasgow.

"Their first child was Margaret, who died at the age of nine months and nine days, of smallpox. My brother William was born in Glasgow, January 31, 1803, as was Christine, who died of the dregs of whooping cough, aged fifteen months and

some days. My sister Mary was born in Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland, June 5, 1807, as was Margaret, (the second) born January 26, 1810. She died when about thirteen or fourteen months old. Janet was born at the same place on the fifth of July, 1812.

"I, being next, first opened my eyes to this world in a little rock house across the road from the Garril Oat Mill on the outskirts of the town of Kilsyth, September 2, 1814. Mother's next was a stillborn girl. My brother Robert was born in Kilsyth, October, 1819.

"My father came of goodly parents, the youngest of thirteen children. He was bound out to learn the carpenter's trade and commenced early in his married life to keep a grocery store and tavern, the Black Bull Inn. He later rented the Garril Mill from the Canal Company at which place I was born. Father had a farm which netted him a fair profit. He was a good scholar, but I had very little schooling. When I was about four years old, our family moved to town into the house of a man named Brown. It was at this age I was sent to school. Before I was six, I had learned to read the New Testament, and that was all the instruction I ever received except later when in Canada I attended a night school for nine nights and learned to cipher.

"Times were poor, business dull, and people became dissatisfied with the government. Meetings were held by agitators even privately in our own tavern. Skirmish after skirmish took place. Although young at that time, I still remember the shrill sound of my brother William's glass bugle when it sounded the turnout call at midnight at the Cross of Kilsyth, two houses from ours. The sound of doors opening and shutting along the street, the bugle call, the din that grew louder and louder as company after company went by, made up a night not soon to be forgotten. In a pitched battle that followed, the radicals were defeated. The English government took active measures to uproot the insurrection. Jails and castles were crowded with prisoners, and many honest folk were carried away to prison who had had no hand in the affair. This was the case with father. Because of information given thru spite, the factor of the town, whose great pride was hurt at being defeated in a law suit by my father, worked out his vengeance by reporting him a rebel. Father was taken from his business and imprisoned in Stirling Castle until the judges should arrive to try him. They came in nine weeks. Beard and Hardy were tried, hanged and beheaded,

and a great many rebels were banished to Botany Bay. Father was released as no one appeared to testify against him.

"But a wee lad, I remember the day he came home. Crowds of people went to greet him. Mother took me by the hand, and we met him on the Burn's Green outside of town. Father had often talked of going to America, but after this experience he, wrathful and indignant, told mother he would go if he had to turn sailor and work his passage across. Before being dragged again from his home and business out of spite, with no chance of redress, he would go where he could enjoy liberty and justice. And so he left the land of his forefathers, and the hand of the Lord was over him as we have seen since.

"Father with brother William and sister Mary emigrated to Canada in the spring of 1822. Mother, sister Janet, Robert, and I remained behind, expecting to follow the ensuing spring. No report came but what would tend to discourage mother. Nevertheless, she sold out all remaining possessions and started for America.

"We got as far as Glasgow when mother's sisters, Lishman and Ann, overtook us with a letter from father. It had been written after they had crossed the ocean, in safety. It gave an account of Mary's sickness aboard ship when she had nearly died of smallpox. But there was no clue to their whereabouts or to the direction they had taken after landing.

"Nevertheless, we took passage aboard the sailing vessel 'Buckingham,' bound for Quebec. The time of passage was five weeks and three days.

"Nothing more was heard of father or the other members of the family until we arrived at Prescott, above Montreal, where he was waiting to greet us. What a surprise! It was a time and meeting long to be remembered. This was in the spring of 1823. I was nine years of age. Father had heard that the wives of twenty-five Scotchmen had followed their husbands who had left under similar circumstances. He had traveled seventy-two miles on foot to see if we were among them.

"From here we traveled ten miles to the home of a man named Grey where William was working. Arriving at noon, just as the men were coming into dinner, Mrs. Grey asked mother to pick out her son. William had grown very tall in the past

year, and his Scotch plaids, besides being small for him were much the worse for wear. His hair protruded through the holes in his cap; his face was sunburned, and when he came up, mother did not know him but chose Thomas Reed for her son. William in turn not knowing of our arrival, passed her by. But when he did recognize her all present burst into tears. I will never forget this joyful meeting. William quit his job and went with us.

"We started for Brockville after dinner and traveled some twenty miles before night. William and father took turns carrying me, a nine-year-old youngster, on their backs. Once or twice mother bore the burden of my weight when some of the others relieved her of Robert. She carried him most of the time. He was two and one-half years old and not yet weaned.

"We arrived in Dalhousie where sister Mary had remained behind to take care of the place while father came to meet us. Alert and on the watch, she heard us approaching. With her little dog Snap she ran through the woods to meet us. On coming up she burst into tears and returned to the shanty without speaking. Poor little seventeen-year-old Mary! What heart-aches, loneliness, and hardships she had borne since she last saw her dear mother and little brother and sister. When we came together, we had another joyful time having been reunited, through the mercy and blessing of God, in a home in the woods of America where we could dwell in liberty and peace with a prospect of plenty. To have a free home of our own in this blessed land was a joy that filled every heart, after the long separation which had been mixed with so many hopes and fears."

PIONEERING IN CANADA

"This little log cabin, simple as it was, and the small farm near by had not been acquired without a struggle. The Bathurst District was a very poor part of the country. It consisted of rocky ridges covered with heavy timber, mostly hemlock, pine, and cedar.

"The company of Scotchmen with whom my father, brother, and sister had crossed the ocean, landed in Bathurst District and took up land there, the government giving it free. But it was generally rocky and cold, and a great number of emigrants stayed in their camps, using up what means they had. Some contracted diseases from which they died; others left for the States, while others went to clear their land when their means were almost gone.

"But my father, William, and Mary started from Louark, their camping place, to look for land the day after their arrival. They found it seven miles back in the woods and commenced at once to build a log cabin. Without horses or means of conveyance, all of their luggage was carried on their backs through woods, without a road, through swamps, over logs to their destination. All the provisions and seed for spring planting, potatoes, and everything they used came the same way.

"Once during the winter, father and William were coming home with a backload of provisions. Father went deeper into the snow than usual and sat down. It was solid and three feet deep on the level. Father said to William, 'We will take a drink from the canteen.' But when the cork was pulled, the Scotch whiskey was frozen solid. It must have been very cold or the whiskey very weak. Many such incidents have I heard my father tell in a jolly mood.

"All the emigrants that came at that time had hardships to endure past the common privation suffered in new settlements.

They were in general inexperienced, could not chop, and had no teams either to log, go to mill, or work their land. They felled trees with the ax, carried rails on their shoulders, moved logs with hand spikes. When a house was to be built, from four to sixteen men, spikes in hand, raised each log, carried it to the building, and placed it in position. Some very large structures, thirty to forty feet long, I have seen constructed in this manner.

"And so my father cleared ten acres and had them in crop the first season. Brother William obtained employment on the Erie Canal to get money to help out. He brought home a yoke of two-year-old steers when he had been in the country about three years. Father bought his first yoke after four years of hand labor, having already cleared forty acres of heavy timber.

"One winter all the mills froze up on account of a dry fall and hard weather. William went to Bottom's Mill and stayed five days with a backload of grain and then had to return without getting it ground. At that time my father bought a pepper mill for two dollars, and we ground all our flour in it for over a year. I have stuck to it until I was almost sick of living. To my childish mind a grist mill was mankind's greatest boon. But before we got the pepper grinder we lived one entire winter on bitter or winded potatoes which were a hard thing for a dog to eat.

"During these hardships my sister Janet, aged twelve, took sick with typhus fever. She had complained for months of pains in her side. She got worse, sank into unconsciousness, and never rallied. The night before her passing, those attending her were pouring cold water from a tea kettle onto her head when she said, 'Let me rest. By the middle of the night I will be at the top of the hill.' As she said, at midnight, one night in October, 1824, her spirit took its flight. During all the time she was sick, we could get no flour or meal but obtained a little coarse shorts or fine bran and prepared it for her the best we could. When we tried to get her to eat some, she said, 'Is that for me? Such stuff?' But she had no other while she lived.

"After acquiring the cattle we began building roads, and the settlers became better adjusted to conditions. But the Canadian thistle almost ran us out. It came up among the grain, and we were compelled to reap it with mittens or gloves on our hands while cutting it with a cradle. There were no reapers, mowers, or threshing machines in those days. Wheat began to

rust, the corn froze, and we were forced to eat the bread made from it. I will never forget how I hated it.

"My brother William was married in January, 1829, to Ann Leckie. Robert, his son, was born April 3, 1830. John, on October 24, 1831, and Jane, August 21, 1833, all in Dalhousie, Bathurst District, Canada. But his wife was subject to epilepsy. He had a hard time. He cleared a farm on the banks of what was called Mud Lake on the small Mississippi, Canada. He worked hard in timber, on heavy stony land. The thistles grew thicker and faster after the trees were cleared off so that the people could not make potash. A good many thought of leaving. This was the case with William.

"But we had good times along with the bad. Hunting was excellent, and we did lots of it. During my visits with William, we went out after deer and smaller game which abounded in that region. With the hounds, we chased the deer into the waters of the lake or river and at night stalked them in birch bark canoes. A lantern of bark was fastened to the front of the canoe. It only gave out a forward light. We would paddle up noiselessly until we heard the deer walking in the water. The candle in the lantern was then lighted and not seeing anything back of the light, the deer were fascinated with it. In this way we could get within a few feet of them and had no trouble shooting or even killing them with clubs.

"The 'still hunt' was best after a light snow or when the deep snow was crusted over. With old Watch, the hound, we would go into the woods and kill deer, sometimes two or three a day, which had sunk through the crust of the snow. William was a keen hunter, and we were always supplied with plenty of fresh game; deer, ducks, partridges, geese, etc."

4

SEEK A NEW HOME

"We decided to try our fortunes out farther west. After I had left for home to spend the winter of 1834 and 1835, William and his wife and three children started late in the fall for the new location, five hundred miles west. I followed early next spring, leaving Dalhousie which had been my youthful home for twelve years. Boarding a steamboat at Brockville, I sailed up the St. Lawrence River for some distance then traveled northward on foot all through that section, seeking suitable land. I procured five hundred acres at soldier's rights for fifty cents per acre in Warwick, District of Canada, thirty miles east of Port Sarnia and thirty-five miles west of New London.

"I had some hard experiences that first summer. After selecting my land, I began to clear it of heavy timber. For a week I walked to a shanty two miles away before and after work each day to have the company of fellow laborers. Then one afternoon, I split my foot open with my axe. With the blood streaming from it I ran two miles to the cabin to get it bound up. The men all left the next morning so I crawled on my hands and knees one and one-half miles farther to a shanty where a man and his wife lived. Next morning he went to work for provisions only coming home Saturday nights. Here I lay in bed seventeen days, five hundred miles from home and thirty miles back in the woods, and with strangers. When I was better, William McAlpin and I exchanged work so as to be company for each other. We stuck up some limbs of trees, covered them with bark to form a rude tent, and slept in it. Wolves howled at night among trees that we had felled during the day, and McAlpin would whisper, 'Keep awake, Archie, let us make a fire! These beasts are too close for comfort.' I would say, 'There is no danger. Go to sleep.' I certainly did, and I slept as though in the best bedroom in the world, although all the covers we had were what we had carried in a roll on our backs. Provided with a knapsack containing provisions, dry bread or crackers, and ammunition

weighing forty pounds, a rifle weighing fourteen pounds, besides bedding, I have walked fifty miles a day for days at a time. Our fare consisted of porridge made of flour and water, or cakes of flour and water cooked in a frying pan, varied with a little bacon occasionally. This we subsisted on that summer while doing the heavy job of clearing hardwood timber land. I had only been back to work a week from the first injury, when I cut my other foot on the joint of my great toe. I was so vexed at myself that I said I would work, no matter how it went. I did not lose another hour although my foot continued sore until time to go home in the late autumn. Three hundred of the five hundred miles that lay between me and my folks I traveled on foot. I was very homesick. I felt that if I ever reached my destination, I would value my family and friends. But the homesickness disappeared and I was never troubled afterward.

"The last of the journey was made through cold weather and deep snow. At a station ten miles from home I requested a ride of a doctor who was driving in my direction. He refused. I told him I would beat him to the town tavern. He laughed and said, 'I'll bet you don't.' I said, 'Trot your horse and I'll get there first. Loser sets up the drinks.' It was a bet. I started out and kept ahead of him for a good part of the distance. Then he urged his horse and as we were nearing the tavern, he passed me. But before he could get out of his sleigh and tie up his animal I had entered and so won the bet.

"I spent the winter among old acquaintances, incidentally chopping ten acres of heavy timber and cutting and hauling one hundred saw-logs to raise means. Spring breaking, I started again for the west.

"William and I worked together the summer of 1835 and raised corn, enough for breadstuff for the coming winter. That fall father and mother and the rest of the family joined us. We were now located in Warwick near the lower end of Lake Huron. Of the five hundred acres I had secured, I gave one hundred to William, two hundred to father and kept two hundred for myself.

"During the next two years I worked at home, clearing timber land and farming. We raised corn but no wheat. When a Highland Scotchman who lived about eleven miles west of us proposed to exchange wheat for corn, I decided to avail myself of his very kind offer. Two of his neighbors were taking a grist

to a mill eleven miles beyond the Scotchman's next morning and asked if I would like to join them. I told them I surely would. So I sat up that entire winter night, hewing out a sleigh to carry my grain to the mill.

"Money was scarce in those days, and about the only jobs available for earning any cash consisted in clearing land of timber. The best of men hiring out could only get fifty cents a day for chopping. I was not satisfied with this. So I took a contract to clear certain areas. By rising at five in the morning and working till dark I was able to do two days work in one. I also hired men to help me and so did very well financially.

"The spring after we were all established in Warwick my sister Mary and Geo. Sweeten, a farmer, were married, March 29, 1836. Several children were born to them in the township of Brooke, Kent Co., Canada West, but all died except Margaret, born December 28, 1837, and Robert, December 14, 1840. When the latter was two years old, on Christmas eve, Mary was called upon to mourn the death of her husband. After four years of widowhood she married Roger Luckham from England, and a daughter, Mary, was born in their Canadian home. Susan, their other daughter, was born in Salt Lake City, October, 1848."

A SETTING FOR HIS MILLS

A visitor to this part of Canada today can hardly visualize what that country looked like a hundred years ago. Now level farms stretch for miles in every direction which was once a dense forest—a howling wilderness.

The trees were felled, cut into sixteen-foot lengths, hawled with oxen, piled in stacks seven or eight logs wide and four or five high, and burned the next summer. Planting was done between stumps which took years to rot. Years of untiring labor were necessary to get a start in life.

From the concessions of Brooke Township, Aunt Delila in 1830 obtained the following information:

"The Township of Brooke is bounded on the north by the township of Warwick, on the west by Enniskillen, on the south by Euphemia and on the east by Metcalfe and Mosa, in the county of Middlesex.

"The main branch of the Sydenham river, commonly known as Bear Creek, traverses an uneven course through the south eastern portion of the Township which was surveyed by Samuel Smith, in 1832 and opened for sale in 1833.

"It is hard to establish the exact date of the first settlers, but on inquiry of the best informed pioneers, one of the very earliest, if not the earliest settlers was Archibald Gardner who settled at the sight of Alvinston some time previous to the Rebellion. He built the Brooke Mills here some say in 1836 and other place it as late as '39. He was the first not only in the township but in a very large territory comprising the adjacent townships on all sides. The exact site of the original Brooke mills, was where Branan's splendid Mills now stand on the right bank of Bear Creek. According to some, it was as late as 1846 when R. W. Branan (Father of the present proprietor of the mills) came in from Metcalfe and purchased Gardner's right.

That right lay in the mill alone, the land was subsequently purchased by Mr. Branran from the government at the time of the commencement of the railroad in 1881. When Gardner sold the mill there was no approach whatever to even a country village. The entire improvements consisted of Branran's mill, a small store kept by one Leach and a little tavern by William Benner. These men with their families made up the population of the locality. Occasionally the family of Branran's miller joined them. In 1881 there were nine hundred settlers. They held out from incorporation the town until after the county built a new bridge across the Sydenham river or Bear Creek, costing \$2,000. The latter is spanned now by a large expensive bridge costing many thousands of dollars."

Municipal records of the township exist as far back as 1842 which was the year of its organization and we extract the following from same:

"The first town meeting in the Township of Brook was held at the Brooke Mills on Monday the 3rd day of January, 1842." In electing their many officers we found Archibald Gardner's name among others as a "fence viewer." I think this is the only public office he ever held in Canada.

PUBLIC NEEDS

"Life in Warwick, Canada, was one of pioneering. With settlements so far away we had no stores to go to. The clothes which we wore came from the backs of the sheep in our own pastures. After being clipped, the wool was cleaned and carded by the women. The nearest carding machines were from thirty to fifty miles away. The carded wood was spun into yarn on the old spinning wheel and then woven into cloth on hand looms. This cloth the wives and mothers made into clothes for men, women, and children in our own kitchens.

"In 1835 the homes in our locality were built of logs; the better ones were of hewn, the humbler ones of rough logs. Floors were of split logs, flat side up. Glass windows there were unknown. A little slide was thrown back admitting light when it was not too cold. Doors were of split and hewn logs. Lumber was out of the question. Flour mills were also very scarce. They were found in the larger communities but in the newly settled districts people ground their grain in little stones set in the hearth. I felt that the crying need of our locality was for mills. I decided to undertake the building of one.

"Consulting a millwright, I was informed that with four hundred dollars and what labor I could do, a start might be made. Nevertheless, I looked up a site, and located one nine miles from where we lived. Work was commenced but due to the Patriot War, all the men quit work and the dam being left at a critical time, flushed out. Nothing remained of a summer's work but the mill frame. Next spring there was a prospect of peace and I commenced anew. Work began on the 27th of March and on the 17th of July I ground my first grist. The mill all told cost me \$3300 but I had accomplished what I had set out to do. I was not much more than a boy and what a debt I had on my hands! I worked in and out of water, both day and night alone. All the sleep I got was while the wheat in the hopper held out.

I did this for five months to pay off expenses and get clear of debt. I then built a saw mill which filled the other great community need and got along well having custom for thirty miles around.

"We Gardners felt the need of a church. So we met together and built one in a day and held services the same night. The following poem was written in 1839—in Brooke township, Canada, and describes how it was done."

A GARDNER CHURCH

The morning came, I was not idle.
I caught my steed, and spanned my bridle.
And four white feet, in swift succession
Soon brought me to the Sixth Concession.
The sun was gliding all creation,
The songsters warbling adoration,
No note to me was half so cheering
As that I heard in Gardner's clearing.

The busy din of axes bounding;
Chips were flying, woods resounding,
Drawing, sawing, shingle making,
Each one busy, no one speaking.
Corner men were busy fitting,
Working standing, working sitting,
Hands beneath, in full enjoyment
With skids and handspikes in employment.

The walls were raised, the roof erected,
In quicker time than we expected.
Each man to shingle, took his station
While hammers smacked in operation.
Next came the moments for devotion.
When every hand suspended motion.
We sang and prayed and panted praising,
"God bless the friends of Gardner's raising."

Author Unknown.

"A WOOLING I WOULD GO!"

"When I look over my past life I see plainly how the hand of the Lord has guided my footsteps and kept me from mistakes which might have proven serious.

"During the second summer in Warwick, Canada West, I was engaged in clearing land of heavy timber. I made the acquaintance of two genial young Irishmen. They were brothers, very likable fellows, and we soon became close friends. One day a letter brought the happy news that their father and two sisters were leaving 'Ould Ireland' for America and would join them soon.

"From then on all conversation between us was of the Irish family—the two sisters—Ah, they were beautiful! The youngest was a mere slip of a girl, but the older one! She had eyes of heavenly blue—and her features were divine. Just the one to make me a fine wife. I must come and meet them as soon as they landed.

"The day of their arrival came. The brothers met their sisters. Happy greetings were exchanged but the girls brought the sad news that their father had died during the voyage and had been buried at Quebec. During the discussion of all that had transpired since they last parted, my name came up. I was described to them in glowing terms, my fine physique, my prowess, my skill with the axe, keen wit—ah, I was a marvel of perfection. Sister must meet me.

"When we were introduced a few evenings later, I was not disappointed. She was all she had been pictured and more. It was love at first sight. I proposed marriage to her then and there. She accepted and the happy day was set for a few days hence. Arrangements were made. The minister lived next door to my beloved. The eventful day arrived. Dressed in my best and

with beating heart I went for my bride. Without a misgiving I approached the gate. There a strange feeling came over me and I could not go in. I struggled with myself. I thought if I walked around a bit maybe it would wear off. I did so and went towards the gate the second time. The feeling repelled me as strongly as before. What was the matter? I had made my pledge and must go through with it. I walked around a second time, then a third time. I steeled myself to go thru the gate. A power stronger than mine forced me back. I gave it up and went home. A note telling her I could not go thru with the marriage was sent by brother Robert, a young lad at that time. He handed it to her. She read it and with palid face passed it to her brothers. They read it and flew into a rage. Poor Robert, he got out of there as best he could and sped for home. I thought it wise to lay low for a while and did not see any of the Irish family for months. Then one day I met one of the brothers and was surprised when he extended a friendly hand. He told me that his sister, the one I was to have married, had had a baby six months after the time I should have wed her. Then with a twinkle in his eye, 'How in the devil did you find out?'

"When the father was near death's door, he had placed his two daughters for guidance and protection under the care of a trusted friend who was traveling with them. This betrayer of confidence was the father of the infant. He later married the girl.

"Another Experience—At one time I met a young woman at a wedding reception. She was a relative of the bride and lived at a distance. She was an attractive girl and I at once fell desperately in love with her. She went home the day after the reception. I was very much upset. I could think of nothing else in the day time and I dreamed of her by night. Her image haunted me. I determined to pay her a visit. She lived sixty miles away through the woods. Persuading a friend to accompany me, we started on foot. I broke trail through snow almost knee deep the entire distance. We arrived at the foot of the hill. Her home was at the top. Being very warm, tired and thirsty, I lay down and drank from an ice cold spring. Violent cramps seized me. I was taken to her home. When they wore off and I was better, she came in. What had I seen in her? I was disgusted with her and with myself. I started for home at once, cured of a case of puppy love.

"I will mention another incident. I went with two Irishmen to cut a road through the woods of Brooke Township where I later had a mill and stayed all night with a Highland Scotchman. Our bed was spread out on the floor in front of the fireplace. After we had retired for the night, three young girls passed through the room. I did not notice the first or second but when the third came in, although I had never before seen her, something spoke to my understanding, 'That is your future wife.' I learned her name, Margaret Livingston, and had a five minute talk with her before she departed for her work in Detroit. As I could not get her out of my mind, I decided to take another little walk of a hundred and ten miles to see her. The weather was very cold, the snow sixteen inches on the level. My companion went only part way and I broke the trail the entire distance. Upon arriving at the city of her employment, I found her address. In the afternoon I was permitted to see her at the gate. I tried to arrange a meeting that evening but she was not allowed to go out or see anyone. I was so provoked at this that I went home the next day without any further interview. I courted and asked other girls to marry me but circumstances seemed to upset my plans. Always my mind reverted to Margaret. When the mill was well started, I sent to Detroit for her. She came and I married, February 19, 1839, my little Highland Scotch lassie. She was born at Loch Gilphead, in Argyllshire, Scotland, October 12, 1818.

"At Brooke Township, County Kent, Western District, Canada, the following children were born to us: Robert, February 1, 1840; Neil, June 24, 1841; Archibald, April 10, 1843; and Janet, April 9, 1845."

LIFE IN CANADA IN THE '40'S

"I built a second grist mill in the township of Enniskillen, Western District, Canada, twenty seven miles by the road from our home at the first mill. Here we had good burr stones, two good smutters, silk bolts, one for country trade, the other for merchant work. My father had milled in Scotland for several years about the time I was born. He now helped me at my grist mill in Brooke Township nine miles from his farm.

"On October 19, 1844, we had our first great sorrow. Our baby Archibald died of bowel trouble at his place of birth, aged 18 months.

"At this time my brother William was clearing land in Warwick. It was good land but heavy with timber and back in the woods a long way from the old settlement and from navigation. Their little family consisted of three children born in Dalhousie and William in Warwick. But brother William could not work. His wife's health had become so bad that she had to be watched constantly. Already she had, in an epileptic seizure, fallen into the flames of the open fireplace and burned her hand to a cinder and the flesh off her throat. Her face was dreadfully disfigured and her mind gone. William was tender and kind and took the best care of her he could, but he was poor and in a new country and nothing to subsist on but the earnings from the labor of his own hands. Her father wrote to him to bring her to Dalhousie as she had three sisters who would care for her until her own children grew old enough to take that responsibility. Poor William, carrying his baby and assisting his unfortunate wife, they walked the five hundred miles back to her parents' abode. That was a sad home coming.

"One day she slipped out of the house and ran into the woods where a large kettle of boiling water was on an open fire. She leaned over, peered into it, took a fit and fell in. So dread-

fully scalded was she that death claimed her in a few days. Her baby William was left with the grandparents. They raised him to manhood and he in turn was a blessing to them, caring for them in their old age. After their passing, he went west to Warwick, Ontario, and secured the land his father had left when he went to Utah."

From Jane Gardner Bradford's diary: (Jane was William's daughter.)

"Then father came home having left mother and the baby with her folks for a while, until he got things more comfortable for her (she was in very poor health). But she died there and we never saw her again. Poor mother! how sad her fate! What a tragic end! And her unhappy little ones. I think the saddest misfortune that can come to children is to lose their mother.

"One of the first things I can remember is being carried to Aunt Mary's, about a mile away. We had to cross a big creek. How the water frightened me! How lonely I was, for Aunt Mary had no children at that time. Father thought to leave me with her for a while; but I was so desolate. Every time the boys came I cried to go home with them. Two or three times I wandered off and tried to find our abode by myself. So Aunt Mary sent me to father, fearing I would get lost in the woods. I can well remember the feeling of disappointment at not seeing my dear mother when I arrived.

"Father was very religious. He belonged to the Methodist church. He taught us children to read the Bible, and we devoted much time to it. We could repeat all the books of the Bible, both the Old and New Testament, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many passages of Scripture besides a good many hymns—all before I was seven years old.

"The nearest town was thirty miles. When father went to market he stayed over night and so sent me to be cared for by Grandmother Gardner until he returned. I suppose we got along as well as children generally do without a mother. We were blessed with a good, kind father whose trials were greater than we knew.

"I did not go to school. There was none any where near where we lived. How I longed to read before I was able to!

But I mastered the art while still quite young.

"Grandfather Gardner had an old bookcase full of books up in the garret. My brother used to bring them home. One after another was diligently studied. We became the best readers in all the country round. I do not remember father having any books other than the Bible and Hymn Book. When I was about seven years old my father married again."

Archibald's diary:

"William, my brother, later married Janet Livingston, my wife's sister, and raised a large family. His son Robert was thrown from a horse in the spring of 1845 and died about three months later. He was a faithful Latter-day Saint, a noble boy, fifteen years of age at the time of his death. He lies buried in a lonely spot just northeast of his old Canadian home. Fifty years later his brother Neil L., while on a mission to Canada, stood over the mound that marked his resting place. Although the home had changed hands several times, the sacred spot had been respected throughout the years."

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE

"Sometime in the year 1843 a Latter-day Saint, Elder John Borrowman, preached the Gospel to us. William with his wife and family were the first to accept it. They were baptized in 1843. Robert joined next and subsequently the whole family except father. He was baptized years later in Mill Creek.

"Robert says of his initiation into the church: 'We went about a mile and a half into the woods to find a suitable stream. We cut a hole through ice eighteen inches thick. My brother William baptized me. While under the water, though only a second, (it seemed a minute) a bright light shone around by head and my body glowed with warmth. I was confirmed while sitting on a log beside the stream, under the hands of Samuel Bolton and brother William, Bolton being mouth.

"'I cannot describe my feelings at the time and for a long time afterwards. I felt like a little child and was very careful of what I thought or said or did lest I might offend my Father in Heaven. Reading the Scriptures and secret prayer occupied my leisure time. I kept a pocket Testament constantly with me. When something on a page impressed me supporting Mormonism, I turned down a corner. Soon I could hardly find a desired passage. I had nearly all the pages turned down. I had no trouble believing the Book of Mormon. Everytime I took the book to read I had a burning testimony in my bosom of its truthfulness. When I came to the passage where those who read the volume with a prayerful heart were promised a testimony of its truthfulness, there was no room for doubt. Everything was plain to me. I thought I had only to tell my neighbors and they would believe it also. But how mistaken I was. With but a few exceptions, I found I was "casting pearls before swine".'

Archibald says:

"I heard the Gospel for the first time in the township of

Warwick in the month of March, 1845, from Elder John Borrowman. I was on a visit to Robert's home at the time. It had a familiar ring and I knew from the first that it was true. I made reasonable investigation to reassure myself and with an honest heart was baptized in April, 1845. Sister Mary and husband Roger Luckham were baptized October 21, 1848. Five days after my initiation into the Church Robert and I were ordained Elders. Certificate of membership and authorization to preach the Gospel including commendation of worthy character, reads as follows:

"To whom it may concern: This certifies that Archibald Gardner has been received into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, (organized on the sixth of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty) and has been ordained an Elder according to the rules and regulations of the Church. He is duly authorized to preach the gospel agreeable to the authority of that office and from the satisfactory evidence which we have of his moral character and his zeal for the cause of righteousness and diligent desire to persuade men to forsake evil and embrace the truth. We confidently recommend him to all candid and upright people as a worthy member of society. We therefore, in the name and by the authority of this church, grant unto this our worthy brother in the Lord, this letter of commendation as a proof of our fellowship and esteem, praying for his success and prosperity in our Redeemer's Cause. Given by the direction of a conference of the Elders of said Church assembled in Warwick, Canada West the 5th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five.

John Borrowman
William Gardner } Elders.

"Mother had belonged to the Methodist Church but believed the Gospel at once and whole heartedly, after hearing it. She had always taught us children faith in God and Jesus Christ and to search the Scriptures. Not long after contacting the new faith she became desperately ill, so ill that her life was despaired of. She insisted on being baptized. The neighbors said that if we put her in the water they would have us tried for murder as she would surely die. Nevertheless, well bundled up, and tucked into a sleigh, we drove her two miles to the place appointed. Here a hole was cut in the ice and she was baptized in the presence of a crowd of doubters who had come to witness her demise. She was taken home. Her bed was prepared but she said, 'No, I do not need to go to bed. I am quite well.' And she was.

"One man declared that if she did not die the night of her baptism he would become a Mormon next day, but next day she met him near the place where he had made the statement. He looked at her as if he had seen a ghost, nodded but did not speak. She was on her way, afoot, to her daughter's. He never joined the Church.

"A branch of the Church consisting of twenty-five members was organized by John Borrowman with brother William as Presiding Elder and clerk."

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year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty
five
John Borrowman
William Gardner Elders

10

ANOTHER MIGRATION

"At the time I joined the church I owned two good grist mills, one saw mill and two hundred acres of land. Persecution against the new religion was relentless. I was so badly treated that I sold out for what I could get, and decided to join the body of Saints. The grist and saw mills in Brooke were valued at six thousand dollars. I let them go for sixteen hundred dollars. The other grist mill worth five thousand dollars, I sold for two thousand. I decided to lose everything else.

"Two men contracted to deliver a certain number of staves on the river by a given time to a man named Garish. Under a twelve hundred dollar bond, they found they were not able to fill their contract so they came to me for help. I asked for extension of time and got it. Then I signed their contract and went to work. We had sixty thousand staves all culled on the river bank at a price of fifty dollars per thousand. When these men heard that I was going to leave, they swore out a complaint, determined to stop me. I decided to lose my share in the staves and my winter's work. I knew full well that the devil had prompted my enemies to get all the means I had obtained to move with, and destroy me also, if they could.

"But I put my trust in the Lord and started from where I was, ten miles south of my old mill. I went to my mother-in-law's, borrowed a horse, rode past my old place to father's home where my wife lay sick. She and the children were being cared for by my folks. I remained there two hours. Then I bade my loved ones farewell before leaving the home of my youth where I had shed many drops of honest sweat and had spent numerous happy days (as far as Gentile happiness goes.) Trusting in the Lord to preserve us all until we should meet again, I started for Port Sarnia on the St. Clair River after dark. I traveled thirty miles and arrived at daybreak next morning. It was about the first of March. Down to the river I went expecting to cross on

the ice. It had given way, to my awful disappointment, and was crowding out of Lake Huron. Cakes of it were rising on edge, sometimes ten feet high. A little piece of the bay remained unbroken and I started out on this. My mind was filled with thoughts of home and loved ones whom I was leaving as an exile. Aroused from my reverie by a cry of alarm, I looked up to see that the ice on which I was standing was all a tremble. Across the river, people from Black River village were shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs for me to go back. I could see down the St. Clair for about ten miles. It was all in motion. The sight fascinated me. When the crowding of the running ice raised the solid ice under my feet, I was obliged to retreat to shore. I climbed up the bank at a point twenty feet above the river and again gazed over the rolling mass which was traveling at a rate of seven miles per hour—at least that is the river's velocity at this point.

"Up the street I went for John Anderson who had accompanied me. Giving him ten dollars of the fifty I had brought along, I requested him to return to my folks and report my safe passage across the angry stream.

"I went down to the river bank and this is the prayer I uttered: 'O Lord, God of ancient Israel, Thou knowest the desires of Thy servant's heart and that I have not done wrong but seek to keep Thy commandments. And as I am fleeing from mine enemies that I may gather with Thy saints, wilt Thou have mercy on Thy servant and stop this ice that I may not fall into the hands of mine enemies? Amen.'

"And then—all fear vanished. I felt the power of faith as I had never felt it before. I started. The sun by this time had lighted up the tall pines behind the village across the river to the west. Now the crowd which was watching my movements from the high ground again began to shout. I stepped to the edge of the unbroken ice. The noise of grinding masses of ice in the river, which up to this time had sounded like a great waterfall, ceased. Nothing could be heard save the shouting of the inhabitants of Black River.

"There was an opening of ten feet between the ice at the bank and the accumulation in the river. I took a running jump and landed knee deep in slush and broken ice, ground up by the waves of Lake Huron three miles above. I wound my way around

openings where the water boiled and swirled; then onward for a mile and eight rods as that is the distance across at this point. When I came near the bank someone reached me a rail. I sprang to the middle of it and then onto the shore with praise and thanksgiving in my heart to God my deliverer. The people were filled with amazement. Some said that I must be a Mormon while others, 'The devil is in the man.' Bewildered, someone inquired, 'What does this mean? Who ever saw the ice stop like this before?' But I knew. My heart was overflowing with gratitude. An acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Davenport, stepped up: 'Oh Archie, what a fright you have given me!' But I shook my head for her to say nothing and passed thru the crowd and on my way."

(Robert Sweeten went back to Canada in 1866, twenty years after the Gardners had left. He stayed with his cousin, Phoebe McAlroy McKellar, wife of Duncan McKellar. Her hotel was in Port Huron, Michigan, about twenty yards from where Archie Gardner landed when he crossed the river that memorable morning in March, 1846. One day while there, a large crowd was gathered on the docks and the subject of the Mormons came up. One man drew the attention of the crowd to an incident he had witnessed with his own eyes—hear say none. He related the story as grandfather had told it many times, how he saw a man—a Mormon—did not know his name—start to cross the river at this place on the running ice. The sight caused so much excitement that a great multitude gathered in no time at this spot. At first people shouted for him to go back but as he came on they stood breathless. The ice jammed in front of him and as he landed, they shouted wildly, waving hats and handkerchiefs. But the man was gone before the people realized it. Then he, Robert Sweeten, spoke up and told them he knew who it was. It was his uncle. The story was verified, by several of Archibald Gardner's old neighbors in Canada, each relating in his own home when visited by Robert Sweeten, how they had heard it from the man Anderson who had been sent back by his uncle to take the news to his relatives.)

"Spring had come and with it mud. I traveled sixty miles over bad roads eating very little. At a tavern I took a drink of spirits, the first I had tasted in years. Trudging on two miles further I began to realize that I was very hungry, tired and sleepy. The long, lonesome journey of seven hundred miles on foot ahead,

thoughts of my sick wife and family still within the reach of my enemies, weighed on me heavily and I again raised my voice in prayer to God, my Father, saying, 'O, Lord, Thou didst hear my prayer and stopped the ice before me for which I am deeply grateful. If it is not asking too much, please send a team this way that I may get a ride. I am still within reach of my enemies, for people saw me cross the river, and there were those in the crowd who knew me.'

"I had prayed but a few moments when I saw two teams approaching. I said to myself, 'I will know if they are sent of the Lord if they will ask me to ride with them.' When the first one drove up, the driver called out, 'Friend, do you wish a ride?' I answered, 'Yes, indeed,' and in my heart I said, 'God bless you.'

"The teamster never asked my name or where I was from. I praised his horses and he drove through mud and ice for about forty five miles. The further he went the better the horses seemed to get. I do not remember seeing a wet hair on them. He left me at a village twenty miles from Detroit and a hundred and ten miles from where I had started without sleep or refreshment. As soon as I had stepped out of the wagon he drove on not asking for pay or giving me time to thank him. Next morning he sent a man for fifty cents. I gave him a dollar. I then went on foot to Detroit and took the train for Kalamazoo one hundred forty miles farther. I had come in ten hours, two hundred fifty miles from home. I now felt safe and went on my way rejoicing. I changed my name almost every day so that I could not be traced. I took a boat at Peru down to Bryant's Landing and thence on foot to Carthage, Illinois. Here I was shown by a Mormon the place where the prophet was martyred. Thence on I went to Nauvoo.

"After remaining eleven days in that deserted city, accompanied by John Borrowman, I started back to meet the folks via St. Louis. We remained about a week at a farmhouse expecting to meet them. Lest they might have gone by, we went on to Joliet. While at a tavern engaging room and board, they passed. A little later we went down to the river to fish and there found them feeding their horses and making ready to start. Oh what a happy meeting! The Lord had spared all my family and relatives and we rejoiced in the faith and spirit of the Gospel.

"My father and brother Robert had remained to settle up my affairs and help get my oxen, wagons and family out of Canada. Robert very narrowly escaped a nine-months incarceration in jail on a trumped up charge. An old Scotch friend of father's, John Wilson of London, Canada West, came along just in the nick of time. He was a lawyer and promised to stand sponsor for Robert and answer to their charges in court. Robert left some of my notes with him and when Robert went on a mission to Canada ten years later he received the money collected from them.

"We went back to Nauvoo. On the way we encountered a small company of Strangites. They extended their sympathy. We did not argue with them but when they became impertinent, told them that if they did not leave we would have to cast out devils. Arriving in Nauvoo in good health and spirits, we found that the Twelve had started for the Rocky Mountains. There were plenty of homes open to us. We could have brick, frame, log or stone houses without cost. The Saints had nearly all left who were able to go, and their homes were standing empty and unsold. They had been driven out and what could not readily be disposed of was left behind. Some had furniture in—chairs, bedsteads, etc. Here for three weeks we fitted up outfits and secured supplies which included flour, parched corn, corn meal and seeds for planting, then started west in companies of ten wagons to the company. We crossed the Mississippi, passed Montrose and camped on the Bluffs a few miles north. Here those who had horse teams sold or traded them for oxen and we proceeded westward. Twelve miles through bad roads, and we camped. The downpour that night brought water around the wagons up to our boot-tops and during the storm a son William was born to Jane, brother Robert's wife, May 22, 1846. This was in Lee County, Iowa. Next morning the mother and baby were made as comfortable as possible and the Canadian Company moved on. We were endeavoring to catch up with the companies from Nauvoo who were ahead. At Bonaparte we bought more flour. We passed Pisgah and Garden Grove where farms had been planted and left for those who were not prepared to go on. At Liberty Pole on Miskete Creek, where President Young and the main body of the Saints were camped a few miles from Sarpes Point, we rested. While there the call was made by the United States Government for a company of five hundred men which was raised in a day or two but which left women and children on the

prairie, some of whom were in poverty, without shelter and sick. Due to this call, our pilgrimage was delayed until the following year. We crossed the river and camped at Cutler's Park for about two months. Here we cut the grass and put up hay preparatory to wintering our cattle. Those we had no immediate use for, we drove in herds up the Missouri Bottoms into the rushes. We then selected a place two miles from Cutler's Park on the Missouri Bottoms and moved to it, naming it Winter Quarters, now Florence."

From Jane Gardner Bradford's diary:

"We left our home in Canada to gather with the Saints, on the last day of March, 1846. The second day of our journey our horses ran away. They smashed things up, nearly frightened us to death, but fortunately no one was injured. It took a month to get to Nauvoo. We crossed the Mississippi the first day of May and camped on the bluffs on the west bank. There brother John had the measles. Remained here two or three weeks then traveled till we came to a town called Farmington on the Des Moines River. Crossing, we camped near a town called Bonaparte. Here I had the measles. During the week we tarried, we finished buying for our outfits. The journey across the state of Iowa was slow and trying and made under great difficulties. Remaining at Council Bluffs until after the Mormon Battalion were on their way to Mexico, we with many others crossed the Missouri River. When father maneuvered his team and wagon onto the ferryboat, one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke still holding them together and started back. One steer swam faster than the other and they circled round and round, all the time getting nearer the middle of the stream. Then father, without taking off his boots or clothing, plunged into the river after the animals, and grasping the tail of the fastest swimmer, held him back. This headed them towards shore and so they were saved.

"We camped on quite a high hill for several weeks. At this time I learned to knit from some of the girls in camp. It was here dear baby sister Janet, aged fourteen months, died and was buried along with so many others.

"Shortly after this we moved down on a kind of flat and spent the winter. So the place got the name Winter Quarters.